

The Saturday News

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Note and Comment

Whether it portends greater changes or whether it is only because we are not accustomed to startling developments in Alberta politics, there is no question about the fact that the resignation of Hon. W. H. Cushing from the provincial cabinet, at first rumored and confirmed after several days of eager questioning, has caused a great stir. His letter of resignation, which was read in the House on Thursday afternoon showed that it was over matters connected with the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway that he disagreed with his colleagues. Just what his objections were is not yet apparent. A complete statement is promised for Monday and till then those who are well advised will defer comment.

The present situation in provincial politics cannot fail to recall a bye-election which occurred three years ago in Gleichen constituency, following the elevation to the Bench of Mr. Justice Stuart. The government had an overwhelming majority in the legislature. There were two Conservative members but neither had the training which fits a man to assume the onerous duties of an Opposition leader. The Conservative candidate in Gleichen was Mr. W. L. Walsh, K.C., of Calgary, who was well fitted for the post, and the Saturday News contended that it was the clear duty of the electors of that riding to return him. Such a result would have been in the interests of all concerned.

Under our constitution an effective opposition is a necessity. It ensures greater carefulness in legislation. Without it, the party out of power loses interest in public affairs for the time being and that in power finds it much more difficult to pursue a course that is calculated to advance the public welfare. In addition, the fact that the government and its supporters are left without foemen worthy of their steel is almost certain to induce a state of party weakness. Dissension creeps in and without a decent fight occasionally to stir them up, neither ministers nor private members have a chance to show what is in them.

All this was pointed out on this page in December, 1907. It was perhaps too much to expect the government to yield possession of the seat and deliberately reduce its majority. But the Gleichen electors would have acted the part of friends of the Administration by voting against rather than for its candidate. However, they did not. Mr. Walsh was defeated and for the remainder of the life of the House, the two well-intentioned but wholly incapable gentlemen who composed the Opposition, were not a serious factor in its proceedings. That under these conditions, the government made as good a record as it did, is greatly to its credit. But it would be stronger in every way to-day, if Gleichen had voted differently.

That in the present House it will not suffer from the lack of stimulus to the left of the Speaker has already been made quite clear.

A contemporary quotes some verses of an Australian poet, George Essex Evans by name, and declares that they are true of the women of Canadian prairies as well as of those of Australia, which strange to say is meant by, "The West" in this instance:

They left the vine leaved cottage and the mansion on the hill,
The houses in the busy street, where life is never still,
The pleasures of the city, and the friends they cherished best;
For love they faced the wilderness—The Women of the West.

The red sun robs their beauty and in weariness and pain,
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes again,
And there are hours men cannot sooth, and words men cannot say—
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles away.

Is this really true of one western woman, speak-

ing broadly. How many are there today with the nearest woman's face a hundred miles away? In moving about the country the writer has been impressed by the brightness and cheeriness of their faces. Nor do you hear one-quarter of the hard luck stories from them that you do from those who live in Edmonton and Calgary.

A young Chicago lady, a member of one of the branches of the Swift family, recently divorced her husband. Her view of the situation which brought about her matrimonial shipwreck, she gave forth as follows:

"If two persons find they cannot live together without interfering with each other's development, then they should separate, I think. Our ideas were not the same. I could not develop fully under his—not exactly restrictions or surveillance—but while subject to his ideas and influence. I suppose he, too, felt the same about me. I am young and have my life to lead. And so I returned to my father's house. I wish my life to continue from this time forth as if this had never been."

This is all delightfully simple. Why under these conditions, should anyone hesitate about entering upon the married state? It used to be considered a solemn step and our experienced elders were in the habit of warning us about the need of weighing whether we would be happy in the company of those we linked our futures with for life. But, according to Miss Swift, a marriage is simply an experiment. If it brings what is expected of it, all well and good. If not, why there are other fish in the sea. But what becomes of our social structure if these ideas spread throughout the world?

Everything indicates that the great development which Canada has undergone during the past decade is just the beginning of its real growth. That population and capital will flow in during the next few years at a rate which will produce nothing short of an epoch-making change, is the opinion expressed on all sides by men whose views deserve to be paid attention to. Speaking the other day at a meeting of the Union of London and Smith's

bank, Sir Felix Schuster, one of the leaders in the financial world of the old land, spoke as follows:

"It has been my good fortune, in the course of the past six months, to judge from personal observation of the wonderful expansion taking place in Canada, of the vastness of its resources, agricultural and mineral, of the enterprise and energy of her people; and it is not surprising that British capital should be attracted to this Dominion, where there are such great opportunities for legitimate enterprise. It is to be hoped that where legitimate progress is so rapid speculation will not intervene to force the pace. Capital introduced judiciously and without proper advice may act as prejudicially as the ill-directed immigration of those who are not fit or willing to undergo hard work or a rigorous climate."

One of the most important matters before the people of Alberta is that of chilled meat. It is absolutely essential to the prosperity of the province, both in town and country, that the value of our flocks and herds should not only be maintained but increased, and there never was a more opportune time than now to strengthen the hands of the farmer and stock raiser in the production of beef and mutton.

It is roughly computed that the average price of first class beef for the last three years has been from 3 to 3½ cents on foot, hardly a paying proposition to the stockraiser. The figure average would not be at all likely to go over 3½ cents per lb. This is a most unsatisfactory state of affairs when we consider our many and great natural advantages.

What seems to be mostly required is a stable and steady market for live stock the year round. This can only be obtained by cold storage and chilled meat exportation. By this latter method not only would the grower obtain a far better price for his beef cattle, but the markets would be steady and such as he could depend upon. It would be a fairly safe estimate to make, that good, well-fed cattle could be sustained in price at 5 cents per lb. and would seldom if ever go below that mark. The difference between selling a good 3 year old steer of, say 1,200 lbs. weight, between 3 cents and 5 cents per lb. is \$36 in one case, \$60 in the other, a difference of \$24.

Counting the cost of rearing, attention and feed, three year old steers, sold at 3 cents per lb., represent in most cases a deficit, while if the same animals are sold at 4½, even, or 5 cents per lbs. and over, they represent a healthy state of trade and are a source of profit to their owner who is encouraged to go on and bring others into the business.

This extra money earned would not only benefit the producer, but would also be found circulating in all branches of trade and would be a benefit to the whole community.

If we allow our cattle business to drift away from us it means the rapid impoverishment of our land, and, later, an exodus of many of our farmers or stock raisers to other countries. We must, in reality, earnestly consider our future and the building up of staple industries, and it seems criminal for us to allow our meat industry, which practically sustained and built Alberta in its early days, to go by the boards for the want of the exercise of a little common-sense and energy.

These things should not all be left to the farmers who find it hard to get together and push things, who live out in the country at various distances from town and cannot get at it. But the matter should be taken up by our Boards of Trade, our merchants and business men who will be the very first to feel the decadence of the stock industry, and who are bound to be sorry as times go on that they let it slip through their fingers.

We have not space now to devote to a long argument in favor of a chilled meat industry, but all those in the know concede that it is our most feasible and most apparent remedy for our present method of running backwards to our own destruction.

In the more northern part of this province our farmers seem to be satisfied with boosting the pig industry, but equally, if not more important, is the sustaining of our cattle and sheep industries; and it is up to our legislators as well as our business men to vigorously take up this matter at once. Mr. W. H. White, M.P., for Victoria, last week introduced a resolution which will bring the whole question before the House of Commons. The decision which is arrived at will be awaited with no small amount of interest.

The New King Edward



In the Dining Room

It is customary with some residents of Edmonton and the Far West generally, to sigh for conditions "as they are in the East." Theatres, "such as we have at home," "the comforts,"—"Oh, and you know, the hotel accommodation." No longer can this plaint be raised in so far at least as the last-named is concerned, for when the new wing of the King Edward Hotel was thrown open to the public Mr. McCullough provided for the travelling public a hostelry which so far as genuine comfort and delightful appointments, without any ostentation, is concerned, is not surpassed in the case of more than one or two hotels in Canada. Indeed, I go farther than that, and without hesitation pronounce the King Edward the equal in these respects of any I know.

The other morning I made a tour of the new quarters, beginning in the fine big rotunda with its great lounging arm-chairs, its beautiful lighting scheme, its hospitable and inviting cosy fire-place, and the up-to-the-minute offices, where besides the usual staff of assistants, are three young women in attendance to make matters pleasant for the women guests of the house, as well as to exert a refining influence on the general tone of the room at large.

It is proposed to make this rotunda as accessible to the gentler sex, as are the rotunda lounges of such hotels as the King Edward in Toronto and the Royal Alexandra in Winnipeg. Just off this room are a number of private offices fitted with every convenience possible, and beyond these is the spacious dining-room, an airy, delightful apartment with massive pillars, and accommodated with numerous, small tables, arranged for private parties of two up to any number.

The charming, home-like air of everything was what pleased me most. The snowy linen, the silver appointments, the china, all so different from what one has come to expect at hotels. Here the table silver is beautifully monogrammed; there are

appointments intended for family parties. The Head of the House ladles the soup as he would at home, Madame pours the tea.

Again for business or professional men the arrangements are admirable. Monsieur invites his friend to dine, and to all intents and purposes they are alone. Private conversation is possible, and if Mr. So and So is wanted at the phone no longer does he rush away from the table, the mountain, or transferable-phone, is brought to Mahomet, switched on, and the matter is ended and the dinner still hot. The furniture here is particularly pleasing, being in egg-shell oak, with Spanish leather upholstery. This, against the cream and buff of the walls, and the softly-shaded Venetian glass lights, produces an admirable effect, while needless to say, the service is excellent, and everything is spotlessly dainty.

Upstairs on all of the floors, the same refinement and excellent judgment are everywhere in evidence. The halls are wide and airy, the stair-cases broad and easy to mount. Deep-piled carpets in artistic hue and pattern, are under one's feet, the bed-rooms are high-ceilinged and beautifully home-like in their appointments. The good taste of everything is a genuine treat. No taggled-raggy lace curtains at the windows; soft Madras, with quaint chintz inner ones, to carry out the color scheme of the room. Softly-shaded lights, pretty rugs, solid brush-brass beds with box springs and Ostermoor mattresses, the great arm-chairs, chintz-covered and fairly yawning a welcome, writing tables, stationary wash-basins, with hot and cold water, long-distance telephones in every room—in short, everything that money could buy or good taste suggest, brought here to make the guests forget that they are away from their own roof-trees, or strangers just putting up for a short visit.

I went through suites of rooms, two, three, and

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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Thou' faint souls fear the keen, bon-fronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn in splendor wait!

"Lo, you thy future, you thy faith, thy fame!"

And stretch vain hands to stars,
Thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home and name;
This name which yet shall grow till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand,
Loyal to our native hearth, our native land.

C. D. G. ROBERTS.

Over the Hill to the House

All the polite, polite, and departmental world of Edmonton is a-butter. Parliament is in session once again, and hotels, corridors, little groups on the street, town-talk, and the buzzing life around the ugly red brick buildings at the foot of the hill, bear witness to the fact that grave affairs are afoot in our midst. There is a restlessness in the air, good to experience after an over-dose of tea-party politics. Almost one is brought to believe that something very nearly important is happening. Closed-door conferences are being held every fifteen minutes, members eye each other as if to query "Just where do you stand?" in the new order of game being played? It would almost seem as if each man at heart is suspicious of his neighbor. La, la, la, things are moving, you can take my word for it.

For the first time in the history of provincial politics, there is an opposition to reckon with; that of itself adds a spice to the situation. Regarding that one-man opposition there is a wide diversity of opinion. He is a brilliantly clever fellow, with great oratorical gifts. He is a glib talker, but no thinker. He is cursed with a too-ready vocabulary of words, he is the one man who can play the Minister of Agriculture at his own game. He has friends, he has bitter enemies. But—there both partisans meet on common ground—he is a force, whether good or bad, to be reckoned with. For that let us all be properly thankful.

I like the little world that revolves around these law-making luminaries. I like to peep in at their deliberations, to study the degrees of intelligence portrayed in their much-varied physiognomies. I have a hankering to watch history made.

"Want to see these wheels go round,"—the old, old childish wish.

And so on a certain cold day at the beginning of the week, I wandered over the hill, all by my lonesome, to survey these grave men in council of war assembled.

But how could I have writ it so? What, pray, had this eminently proper body of members to do with the exciting rumors up street. There they sat, each in his tily rocking chair, listening with the most flitting attention to the member for Camrose as he moved the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, took them in fancy, and with the accompaniments of many sentimentally-charming quotations, over the hills of Auld Scotia, or wandering on those overhanging peaks down Banff-wards, while his voice shook with emotion as he referred to that other highly-picturesque feature of "this great western country of ours," Ralph Connor, most effective of immigration agents, the man whose brows are aching for a publicly bestowed laurel.

This, I suppose, in fee of that last effusion of his dealing with the foreign element about Winnipeg. Surely Ralph's pen slipped there, but, being a millionaire, he can afford to forgo the crown of bays. However, as I was saying, nothing could have been conducted with greater decorum and brotherly love than the meeting I attended with such high hopes of a scrap. Everybody "hear-heard" or bobbed their heads encouragingly as Mr. Smith proceeded with his speech. It was one big love-feast. Amid a round of applause, broken rudely in upon by the Sergeant-at-Arms with a fierce demand for "order," I was left glib of water to wet his fevered and impassioned lips, the Mover of the Address sat down.

Next Mr. Roberts, the member for High River, turned out, a nice, clean-cut, eminently-capable young naturalized American, rose to second Mr. Smith's resolution.

There were few frills and furbelows about the speech of the member from High River.

Although young, he forewent the temptation to deliver an oration, put by the chance to enlarge himself on the many flowery phrases of the cowboy wandering over a thousand hills, etc., etc., with which we are so odiously familiar, and confined his remarks to the matter in hand. There are such things then, you see, as just decently-minded lawyers. I don't think Mr. Roberts even told one story, but Mr. Smith transgressed, and with his hearers, was sharply called to task by the S. at A., who, however, at this point was quietly suppressed by a word from Mr. Cowell.

That was all. Mr. Boyle read his much-talked-of questions, sat down, and all was over.

The audience surveyed itself, stared at the Junior member for Calgary, and wondered what it was all about. Meanwhile Mr. Bennett was studiously applying himself to counting the laths in the ceiling of the House. So often does a bubble burst itself in nothingness, not even a report.

Speaking of Mr. Cowell reminds me what an impression of dignity and how shall I put it, law and order,

he adds to the proceedings. If the suffragettes ever met with their demands, may I, and I figure among their number, sit next this handsome stately presence, and shine, if only a little bit, in his reflected light.

The Premier and Mr. Cross are always just themselves. Mr. Rutherford, kindly, urbane, unassuming, a much stronger personality than many of his opponents vote him. The Attorney-General, absolutely non-committal, quietly interested in all that is passing about him, probably the shrewdest man in the House, a man of iron when his mind is made up, resolute, keen, not one to cross, but the most loyal and devoted of friends, and by most men admitted to be the cleverest politician of them all.

Mr. Marshall has yet to be heard from, but I imagine will be the duellist of his party. He is an expert fencing-master, has certainly the art of catching the crowd's eye, and well, there you are, however, he'll be heard from later, that is sure.

Mr. Buchanan is as yet a bundle of possibilities—some men would barter their birth-right to get the chance he has, of doing things.

Mr. Lessard, being without portfolio I find impossible to catalogue. Mr. Cushing unfortunately was not in the House.

The press gallery is not without its touch of interest. In the centre, surrounded by a halo of white hair, peers forth the face of Mr. Dan McGillicuddy. Around him, ranged like sparrows on a bough, are the younger scribes seeking eagerly for any stray crumbs to devour for their papers. Mr. McGillicuddy trusts no man but himself.

Just supposing that some day the militant ladies of this quiet prosaic house, may I suggest that as there are no organ pipes available, they secret themselves just behind the Sage of the Gallery, and from that point of vantage they perform any little stunts they may have in preparation. It's the one possible spot, my word on it, for I studied the situation on Monday. Also that they beware of the S. at A. His cry to arms would arouse the dead.

Mr. Cornwall takes very kindly to his rocking-chair. Likewise he enjoys best listening to the oratorical flights with his eyes closed. Who knows but that the veiling of the mirrors of his seat enables him to catch wireless messages, to dream dreams, and discern possibilities in the future, that those having their eyes open, yet see not.

Mr. Cote wears his hair thoughtfully a la Carlyle, seems to take kindly to his new duties, but looks too splendidly long and big to be putting in his days indoors.

I told you this was all apropos of nothing. Was I not right?

The Ejected Member's Wife

We shall see her no more

On that balcony,

Smiling while hurt at the roar

As of surging sea,

From our stormy band,

Who have doomed her lord's cause,

Though she waves her little hand

As it were applause.

Here will be candidates yet,

And candidate's wives,

Fervid with zest to set

Their ideals on our lives;

Here will come market men

On the market days,

Here will clash now and then,

More party assays.

And the balcony will fill

When such times are renewed,

And the throng in the seats will thrill

With today's muted mood:

But she will no more stand

In the sunshine there,

With that wave of her white-gloved hand,

And that chestnut hair.

Peggy

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Home and Society

Edmonton.

A veritable deluge of luncheons, dinners and teas have descended upon the wives of the members during the week, hostess vying with hostess for the honor of the visitors' company. On Thursday Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Boyle both gave luncheons, covers being laid at Mrs. Harcourt's for twelve, the very enjoyable affair being given in honor of Mrs. Chas. Stuart of Calgary, who came up for the Opening, and is spending a fortnight the guest of Mrs. Harcourt.

The hostess was very prettily frocked for the occasion, in a modish gown of black crepe de chine with rich Persian embroideries and lace. Mrs. Stuart, whose friends in town were delighted at the opportunity of meeting her, was looking very smart in an olive green satin gown, very elaborately beaded.

The color scheme of the party was pink and green, some lovely carnations in this exquisite shade decorating the drawing room, and being again employed combined with feathery green fern and pink-shaded candles on the luncheon table.

Among the guests was Mrs. Constantine, whose days must be practically employed in moving from one festive gathering to another.

At Mrs. Boyle's luncheon, covers were laid for eight, and the guests were the wives of out-of-town members, Miss Mori, Mrs. Boyle's guest, of course, making one of the number. Daffodils and fern formed the table decorations, which, by the way, were unusually effective.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Geo. Stockard had a most enjoyable tea in honor of Mrs. Cushing, wife of the Minister of Public Works, and Mrs. Constantine, Mrs. Boyle's guest. Mrs. Stockard received her guests wearing a striking Russian gown of wisteria satin braided most elaborately from neck to hem, as is the fashion of the moment. Mrs. Cushing wore rich purple satin, with a handsome

black plumed hat, and Mrs. Constantine as sweet as ever, had on a charming cream lace blouse with a black skirt and a modish black hat with some fine ostrich feathers.

Tea was served in the cosy little dark-beamed dining room, the table being bright with hosts of pink carnations and roses, intermingling with lacy ferns, set on a beautiful drawn-work cloth with rosy-pink shaded candle-lights. Mrs. Riddell poured tea, and Mrs. Stocks served the ices, while Miss Maud McKenny and Miss Kathleen Morkin assisted.

Among the guests were Mrs. M. J. McLeod, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Secord, Mrs. Haight, Mrs. Stuart, of Calgary, Mrs. Hardesty, Mrs. John A. McDougall, Mrs. Harold Riley and her guest, Mrs. Riley of Calgary; Mrs. Duncan Marshall, Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Boyle, and Miss Mori; Mrs. Hector Cowan, and Mrs. Burley.

Mrs. Riddell is giving a tea in honor of Mrs. Cushing this Saturday.

Mrs. and Mr. Herbert Dawson left on Thursday for a three weeks visit to the coast. While away they expect to take a trip to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Cornwall arrived in town on Monday and are registered at the Alberta.

Miss Ethel Webster and the Edmonton School of Music are giving a musicale in the First Baptist church on Tuesday, February 22, in aid of the Y. W. C. A. Auxiliary. It is hoped that a large number will be present to greet this clever artist and those associated with her on the programme.

The Ladies' Musical Club met at Mrs. J. D. Hyndman's on Tuesday afternoon, and listened to a fine programme of vocal and instrumental numbers.

The Government House party have been kept more than busy this week. On Thursday Mrs. Bulyea held her usual reception when a great many callers paid their devoirs, and in the evening the party went on to visit the Temple of Fame.

On Friday they attended the Concert, over in Strathcona, given by the University.

Mrs. Dickens was the hostess of an enjoyable musicale on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Liveinge, of Brisbane, Australia, arrived on Sunday last on a fortnight's visit to her sister, Mrs. Lindsay, of the Arlington Apartments. Mrs. Liveinge had the unfortunate and very trying experience, of being quarantined on her arrival in this country, due to a suspected case of smallpox among the steerage passengers on board ship. Before being allowed to proceed on their way all of the passengers were required to be vaccinated, and Mrs. Liveinge as a result, has been laid up with an extremely sore arm, which indeed quite alarmed, for a time, the physician in attendance.

Mrs. Bulyea and her guest, Mrs. Constantine, of Maple Creek, honor-

ed the Ladies' Curling Club tea on Thursday of last week, with their presence, remaining for a cup of tea before going on to Mrs. Duncan Marshall's reception. Mrs. Bulyea was wearing her lovely new pale blue frock with a seal coat and a stunning brown hat encircled with willow plumes. Mrs. Constantine was looking splendidly and is everywhere being made much of, her old friends vying with each other in their attentions to her.

Madame Delavault's reception on Monday afternoon attracted a large number of the smart world who found this bright young French marion, tres charmante, if she did speak "English" very, very little. However, if Madame's modesty prevented her carrying on any conversation in English, the guests' timidity in venturing a "Bon Jour," and an "Au Revoir," is amusing. To your French grammars, my sisters. In these times one should have the gift of speaking in at least two tongues.

Assisting Madame Delavault, who looked radiantly pretty in a lovely French creation of softest pink with gold embroidery, and a pink bandeau in her rich dark hair, was Mrs. W. D. Ferris, who aroused the envy of all of the callers, by the case of manner with which she dropped from one language into another. Mrs. Ferris was most becomingly gowned in black with a large hat en suite.

About the pretty reception room were quantities of lovely cut flowers, while the tea table was a delightful arrangement of pink tulips in an oblong silver fern-dish in the centre, with pink-shaded lights and smaller vessels of pink carnations and fern disposed here and there. The buffet had long streamers of green, falling from the mouth of two gargoyles, creating a charming effect. Presiding at the tea-table were Mrs. Horace Harvey and Mrs. Emery, while Madame Harwood served the ices.

Mrs. Blaine is entertaining at the tea-hour on Monday in honor of Mrs. Stuart of Calgary.

Miss Mary Campbell, the artist, returned from her visit abroad on Monday night, but has been laid up with a severe cold since her return.

Mrs. Bulyea, received on Thursday of this week at Government House, particulars of which I shall have to hold over until next week.

I am indebted to a reader of the column for the following:

"On Saturday last Mrs. Morkin and her daughter were at home to their friends, at their cosy home on Fourteenth street, Mrs. Morkin and Miss Nora received the guests at the entrance to the drawing-room, which was prettily decorated with red carnations potted plants and softly shaded lights. Mrs. Morkin was becomingly gowned in black crepe de chine, with a handsome scarf of silver sequined net. Miss Nora looked exceedingly well, in a lovely pale apple color silk frock. Miss Martha, who was gowned in pale green silk crepe, lace trimming, helped to look after the guests; while Miss Helena, Miss Kathleen, Miss Nora Kennedy, and Miss Mary Burns made four charming assistants in the tea room.

The tea table was artistically decorated with red carnations and was greatly admired; Madame Marlin and (Continued on Page Four.)

A RECENT NEW YORK BRIDE



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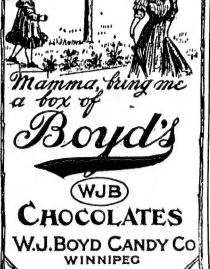
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GOVERNMENT OF ALBERTA

Notice to Steam Engineers

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an examination by David Fraser, Strathcona, a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers, for the Province of Alberta, at Edmonton, Feb. 21st, Houston's Hotel.

Morinville, Feb. 23rd, Hotel.
Stony Plain, Feb. 25th, Bismarck Hotel.

Fort Saskatchewan, Feb. 28, Queen's Hotel.

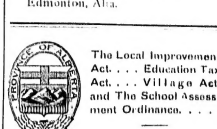
Strathcona, March 26th, Orange Hall.

30 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for certificates under the provisions of the

Steam Boilers Act, 1906.

Application Forms may be obtained on application to the department or to the above-named Inspector, and must be properly filled out, witnessed, and declared to be true by a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace, before an examination can be granted.

JOHN STOCKS,
Deputy Minister,
Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alta.



The Local Improvement Act... Education Tax Act, Village Act, and The School Assessment Ordinance.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of The Local Improvement Act, Education Tax Act, Village Act, and The School Assessment Ordinance, a Judge of the Supreme Court has appointed WEDNESDAY, the 13th day of April, 1910, at Ten O'clock a.m., at the Court House, in the City of Edmonton, for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the returns made under the provisions of Section 91 of The Local Improvement Act in regard to the following Local Improvement Districts, viz:—

Local Improvement Districts 28-M-4, 29-M-4, 30-M-4, 25-N-4, 26-N-4, 27-N-4, 28-N-4, 29-N-4, 25-P-4, 26-P-4, 27-P-4, 28-P-4, 29-P-4, 25-S-4, 26-S-4, 27-S-4, 28-S-4, 29-S-4, 25-T-4, 26-T-4, 27-T-4, 28-T-4, 29-T-4, 25-U-4, 26-U-4, 27-U-4, 28-U-4, 29-U-4, 25-V-4, 26-V-4, 27-V-4, 28-V-4, 29-V-4, 25-W-4, 26-W-4, 27-W-4, 28-W-4, 29-W-4.

And of Section 11 of The Education Tax Act in respect of lands situated within the following areas, viz:—

—Townships 59 to 70 in Ranges 11 to 13 inc. W. 4th M.

—Townships 57 N. of R. to 70 in Range 14, W. 4th M.

—Townships 59 to 70 in Ranges 15 to 28 inc. W. 4th M.

—Townships 49 to 70 in Ranges 10 to 18 inc. W. 5th M.

—And of Section 67 of The Village Act in respect of the following villages, viz:—

Village of Morinville.

And of Section 91 of The School Assessment Ordinance in respect of the following School Districts, viz:—

School Districts Nos. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

2, R. C. P. 4, R. C. P. 6, R. C. P. 34, R. C. P. 42, R. C. P. 45, R. C. P. 47 and R. C. P. 51.

Dated at Edmonton this 11th day of February, 1910.

JNO. PERRIE,
Tax Commissioner,
Department of Public Works.

C-17-14, 21, 28, M. 7, 14, 21, 28, A. 4, N-17, 19, 26, M. 5, 12, 19, 26, A. 9.

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LITTLE'S

HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton.

(Continued from Page Three.)

Mrs. Stockand poured tea for the first hour; Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. McConnell for the second. Among the numerous guests I noticed: Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Carmack; Mrs. M. J. McLeod; Mrs. Parlee; Mrs. Archibald; Mrs. Nicholls; Mrs. Lorne York; Mrs. McGibbon; Mrs. Harry Sullivan; Mrs. Knies; Madame Barry; Madame Picard; Madame Poulin; Misses Smith; Ross, Fairservice; and Miss Jean Forsythe who delighted everyone with some of her charming songs during the afternoon.

Mrs. Howard Ritchie gave a jolly little valentine bridge of three tables on St. Valentine's night, when Dr. Duncan Smith and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick captured the honors, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie, the consolation prizes.

Mrs. Ritchie was very fashionably gowning in a black silk directoire frock, with a silver sequined yoke.

Mrs. C. W. Cross has been very busy since the opening of Parliament entertaining sessional visitors. On Saturday she entertained at a luncheon of twelve covers, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Riley, of Calgary, Mrs. Boyle and her guests; Miss Mott; Mrs. Roberts of High River; Mrs. McKenney; Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Campbell of Vermilion, Mrs. Teller, Madame Boudreau, of St. Albert, and Mrs. Shaw of Stettler, being the invited guests.

The table decorations were a delightful arrangement of pink and white carnations and fern, on a handsome Cluny lace centrepiece, tiny vases of pink and white sweet peas being disposed at the four corners.

Mrs. Cross was a charming hostess, and looked very sweet and chic in a toilette of coin-spotted cream net with touches of old rose and Persian embroideries.

On Friday of this week the Attorney-General and Mrs. Cross were entertained at a dinner of ten covers.

The usual Ladies Curling Tea will take place on Thursday next, tea being served from four to six, the usual match beginning at three thirty.

The competition for the ladies' club prize for men's points, will take place this Saturday week, when a fine little travelling clock will be presented by the president, Mrs. Percy Barnes.

Mrs. C. W. Cross was the hostess of a smart dinner party of eight covers on Wednesday night, when she and the Attorney-General entertained Mr. and Madame Cote, Mr. and Mrs. James Biggar, Mr. R. B. Bennett, of Calgary, and Mr. George Smith, member for Camrose.

The table was beautifully arranged with a great shower of crimson roses in the centre, and smaller vases of lily-of-the-valley and fern at the four corners. The hostess whose exquisite taste in dress is proverbial, was charmingly gowning, wearing softest white charmeuse satin, the empire decollete being a bolero effect of baroque pearls and diamante embroidery, caught with a corsage knot of snowdrops and violets. Madame Cote wore a most attractive little frock of pale blue painted net with countless ruffles of dainty Val lace, and Mrs. Biggar a strikingly elegant and becoming toilette of rare black Chantilly lace, over white satin, with some beautiful jewels.

The ladies who are wives of members of the legislature staying at the King Edward Hotel, will receive in the public drawing room on Tuesday next from 4 to 6 p.m. The names of the ladies receiving are Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Riley, Mrs. Roberts and Miss Smith.

Miss Smith, of Camrose, accompanied her brother to the Capital for a seasonal visit and is registered with him at the King Edward.

Government House was ablaze with lights and beautifully decorated with lights of exquisite cut-flowers on Thursday evening last, when His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulyea, held a reception in honor of the members and their wives, giving them that hearty welcome for which they have become noted.

Throughout the evening the rooms and hall of the entire three flats represented a surging wave of fashionably frocked humanity. But, whereas the ordinary billows are, only snow-capped, this particular wave was rainbow-hued, a mingling of red-coats and black and white, of queer bobbing heads abreast the billow, marcelled and plain, bald and turban-topped. You looked from a face to a gown, and the identity was lost before you could arrive at a conclusion. If you



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had time for a word you might consider yourself fortunate, but the general effect was magnificent. Often back of the figures, was a frame-work of lovely blooming things, next moment the "moving-row" had obliterated the flower-faces. You got the impression of a moving picture performance, only in delightful surroundings.

Queen of the Salon was Mrs. Bulyea in a magnificent creation of white Duchess satin with a garniture, or over-dress of crystal and raised embroideries, silver threads and beads just suggested here and there, and a strikingly modish nose appearing in a knot of pale pink roses caught at the stem of the train. The new turban arrangement of her coiffure was the finishing touch to a very stunning costume ensemble, which was very much admired by all present.

His Honor still wore his Windsor uniform of the afternoon and looked very smart and stately.

Mrs. Constantine "was looking regal, her dress of rich white satin with Old Rose Poinsie and some beautiful pearl ornaments emphasizing her always striking and sweetly-stately personality.

To attempt any mention of any particular gowns amid such a profusion would be folly, the names of those present appear appended to this account.

As at all of Mrs. Bulyea's entertainments, the table was nice-worship for its artistic arrangement, a host of nodding yellow daffodils on a long mirror base, and a dash of yellow streamers, with red shaded-candles in handsome brass candlesticks, at the four corners making a stunning effect.

Turner's orchestra played delightfully during the evening in the upper hall-way, and those invited were: Hon. A. C. C. Rutherford and Mrs. Rutherford; Hon. W. C. Cross and Mrs. Cross; Hon. W. H. Cushing; Hon. Duncan Marshall and Mrs. Marshall; Hon. P. E. Lessard and Mrs. Lessard; Hon. W. A. Buchanan and Mrs. Buchanan; Mr. A. B. Moore, M.L.A., and Mrs. Moore; Mr. J. L. Cote, M.L.A., and Mrs. Cote; Mr. J. W. Woolf, M.L.A., and Mrs. Woolf; Mr. R. B. Bennett, M.L.A.; Mr. Geo. P. Smith, M.L.A., Mr. Malcolm McKenzie, M.L.A., and Mrs. McKenzie; Mr. C. W. Fisher, M.L.A., and Mrs. Fisher; Mr. J. E. Stauffer, M.L.A. and Mrs. Stauffer; Mr. J. A. McDougall, M.L.A., and Mrs. McDougall; Mr. E. H. Riley, M.L.A., and Mrs. Riley; Mr. L. M. Roberts, M.L.A. and Mrs. Roberts; Mr. J. A. Simpson, M.L.A. and Mrs. Simpson; Mr. W. F. Puffer, M. L. A., and Mrs. Puffer; Mr. Peter Gunn, M.L.A.; Mr. A. J. McLean, M.L.A.; Mr. R. T. Telford, M.L.A., and Mrs. Telford; Mr. Colin Genge, M.L.A. and Mrs. Genge; Mr. W. T. Finlay, M.L.A. and Mrs. Finlay; Mr. J. Glendinning, M.L.A., and Mrs. Glendinning; Mr. Geo. Hoadley, M.L.A. and Mrs. Hoadley; Mr. H. W. McKenney, M.L.A., and Mrs. McKenney; Mrs. J. W. Cornwall, M.L.A., and Mrs. Cornwall; Mr. W. Warnock, M.L.A., and Mrs. Warnock; Dr. Campbell, M.L.A.; Mr. E. Mitchell, M.L.A., and Mrs. Mitchell; Mr. Charles O'Brien, M.L.A.; Mr. L. Boudreau, M.L.A., and Mrs. Boudreau; Mr. C. E. Stewart, M.L.A., and Mrs. Stewart; Mr. J. A. McPherson, M.L.A.; Mr. J. R. Boyle, M.L.A., and Mrs. Boyle; Mr. Robert Shaw, M.L.A. and Mrs. Shaw; Mr. F. A. Walker, M.L.A., and Mrs. Walker; Mr. A. Campbell, M.L.A., and Mrs. Campbell; Mr. J. B. Holden, M.L.A., and Mrs. Holden; Mr. Chas. Olin, M.L.A., and Mrs. Olin; Hon. The Chief Justice and Mrs. Sifton; Hon. Mr. Justice Scott and Mrs. Scott; Hon. Mr. Justice Harvey and Mrs. Harvey; Hon. Mr. Justice Beck and Mrs. Beck; His Honor Judge Taylor and Mrs. Taylor; His Honor Judge Noel; Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Belcher; Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Edwards; Major and Mrs. Constantine; Maple Creek; Major and Mrs. Cairns; Major and Mrs. Cuthbert; Major and Mrs. Thibodeau; Major and Mrs. Duncan Stuart; Major and Mrs.

F. C. Jamieson; Capt. and Miss Worsley; Capt. and Mrs. G. W. Marriott; Capt. Peter Anderson; Capt. and Mrs. R. de L. Harwood; Capt. and Mrs. Griesbach; Capt. and Mrs. H. W. Riley; Capt. and Mrs. G. A. Reid; Capt. Osborne; Capt. C. Ross Palmer; Lieut. E. B. and Mrs. Maskenzie; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Anderson; Professor and Mrs. Braithwaite; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Burley; Mr. Vernon Barford; Mr. and Mrs. A. Butchart; Dr. and Mrs. E. K. Broadus; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowker; Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cantley; Mr. and Mrs. A. Bower Campbell; Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Cobbe; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cowell; Miss Dorothy Cross; Mr. Lucien Dubuc; Mr. and Mrs. E. Delavault; His Worship Mayor Duggan and Mrs. Duggan; Strathcona; Mr. Jas. Douglas, M.P.; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Douglas; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Ewing; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Emery; Professor and Mrs. E. Muir Edwards; Mr. H. M. E. Evans; Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Ferris; Dr. and Mrs. Farquharson; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Fraser; Ven. Archdeacon Gray; Mrs. Gray; Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Garriety; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Garriety; Dr. and Mrs. Gillespie; Dr. and Mrs. Hopley; Mr. E. V. Hardy; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hyndman; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Harrison; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harcourt; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Henwood; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Harrison; Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Kimpe; Professor and Mrs. W. A. R.

Kerr; His Worship Mayor Lee and Mrs. Lee; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lessard; Dr. Lehman; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. May; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. May; Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Mills; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat; Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Marshall; Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Macdonald; Dr. and Mrs. McQueen; Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Maskenzie; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Macleod; Mr. and Mrs. D. S. MacKenzie; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pearce; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Macdonald; Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McKinnon; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McIntosh; Professor McEachran; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pearce; Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Patterson; Dr. and Mrs. Ritchie; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ritchie; Mr. and Mrs. John Stocks; Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Smith; Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Smith; Mr. and Mrs. E. Slocock; Dr. and Mrs. O. F. Strong; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Short; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Secord; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Swaisland; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stockand; Mr. Alex. Stuart; Mr. P. H. and the Hon. Dr. Synges; Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Turnbull; Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Tury; Mr. and Mrs. A. Balmer Watt; Mr. and Mrs. Sydney E. Woods; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wallbridge; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Webster; Dr. and Mrs. T. H. White; Dr. and Mrs. Wells; Dr. and Mrs. Nicholls; Miss Maude Matheson, Winnipeg; Mrs. A. Westhead, Alix; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bredin; Mr. Allan Brick; Miss Watt, Fernie; Dr. J. M. Stuart, Camrose; Hon. J. R. M.

Clark; Mrs. S. L. Jones; Mrs. Chas. Stewart, Calgary; Mrs. Haight; Miss Jean Forsythe; Miss Seaton Thompson.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall's huge reception the afternoon following was a brilliant assemblage of towns-folk and visitors, to which was added an only too unusual departure in tea, in the shape of the members themselves and the staff of the university. Receiving with Mrs. Marshall in the reception room which was a bower of beauty and fragrance with quantities of roses and other bloom, was Mrs. Stanley Jones of Calgary, a guest of the hostess, and Miss Jean McIsaac, who has come up from the Toronto Conservatory of Music to take a position on the staff of the Edmonton School of Music.

Mrs. Marshall received in a handsome gown of champagne figured voile with some fine lace garniture and touches of old rose. Mrs. Jones wore a strikingly pretty frock of mauve moire silk with Persian embroideries, and Miss Jean McIsaac was in a becoming costume of black crepe de chine.

In the tea-room the centre of attraction was the tea-table, a poem in red and white. In the centre a great shower of crimson roses fell in careless grace and beauty over a beautiful

(Continued on Page Eight.)

"THE TRUTH IS GOOD ENOUGH"

As Every Woman should Know



The new styles this coming spring make it absolutely necessary to wear a corset that is designed to produce the desired contour effect. Corsets which were right in the style a few months ago would almost surely be the most careful dressmaking efforts at attaining the spring style and shape.

This being the case, W. Johnstone Walker & Co., are showing in advance of the time some of the best productions, so that all may have the advantage of seeing what is desirable in order to be in the correct fashion.

The Nemo corset has appeared to us, for some time now, as being the production of careful designing and always changing when needed for conforming to fashion's fancy. Their "self-reducing" shape with relief band and fitted with "Lastikons" (the greatest elastic hose supporter on the market) is well worth attention. All the sizes are being shown now; the price varies from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per pair.

The Nemo military-belt corset, with its "Flattening" back is especially suitable for tall, medium and slender figures; the back and hips are long and they are fitted with "rip proof" hose supporters; there is only one price to these, \$3.50.

The C. C. A. Grace corset for women is made of fine quality Belgian coutil; the long model comes well over the hips, giving that contour of figure so admired by all women. The front steel is 12½ inches long and the back 17½ inches. They are fitted with 6 hose supporters; the sizes run from 18 to 20 and the price is \$3.50.

The B. & I. corset is a bias-cut and fitted corset; a superb model, it wears well and keeps its shape a long time. The front steel is 12½ inches long and the back 16 inches. Very well designed for the medium or average figure. They cost \$3.50.

Another C. C. A. in the Grace style, which cost less and still attains the flat front and slender hip effect is shown here now; this is made of finest Belgian coutil and is fitted with 6-hose supporters. The cost is only \$2.75.

Still cheaper is another new model of the Bias cut corset; filled with non-rusting woven wire; front steel is 12½ inches, back steel 16½ inches; 4-hose supporters. These are \$2.50.

For the average figure another C. C. A. in the Grace model is most suitable; it is made of fine Belgian coutil, fitted with 6-hose supporters and is shown in sizes from 18 to 20. These cost \$2.25.

The "Common Sense" made by Crompton Corset Company will appeal to many, and is a stylish and charming model, in spite of its name. It really produces shapely lines and is constructed on special design, which calls for the name "Common Sense". Worth \$2.00.

The cheapest of all, or at any rate the lowest in price, is the C. C. A. in the Grace at \$1.50. This is made of the best coutil and conforms easily to the body, with the least possible pressure; it has the 4-hose supporter and comes in sizes 18 to 30. Very cheap at \$1.50.

W. JOHNSTONE WALKER & CO.

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Home and Society

Calgary.

G. E. Stoddart visited Calgary this week.

D. Cross of Winnipeg was in the city for a few days.

E. O. Hough, of St. Louis, was a guest here during the week.

H. E. Maddock, of Okanagan, is spending a short time in the city.

Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay and daughter have returned after an extended trip East.

Mrs. C. A. Stuart is a guest of Edmonton friends.

R. B. Owen, Edmonton, was a guest here during the week.

Mrs. M. R. Jennings is spending a few days in town at the home of Mrs. J. H. Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. De La Vergne, of Glenbow, were guests here for a few days.

Miss May Stringer received on Wednesday afternoon at her brother's residence, Mount Royal.

Mrs. Dobbie will receive again on the third Friday of each month at 327 Fifteenth avenue west.

Mrs. Cecil Murray, of Toronto, and Mrs. Harrison, of Lac Ste. Anne, are spending a few days at Braemar Lodge.

Mrs. Hardy and son have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Frank Lehr, for the past week.

Mrs. Sisley gave a delightful violet luncheon of six covers on Friday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Macdougall of Port Arthur, and Mrs. Jennings, of Edmonton.

The Ladies' Aid of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church held a social tea at the home of Mrs. Harry McMullen, Eighteenth avenue west, from 3 to 7 yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Christie, Fifteenth street, gave a talent tea, in aid of the St. Andrew's Ladies' Aid, on Monday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Shanahan entertained the Merry Matrons Tuesday afternoon. Among the guests were Mrs. Critchley, Mrs. Lehr, Mrs. Rodden, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Samon, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Livieri, Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Wheeler.

Mrs. J. A. Cotton, 1106 First street east, is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McCallum of Moose Jaw. Mr. and Mrs. McCallum have been during the last few months in California, having visited San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, besides other towns along the coast.

The Five Hundred Club met at Mrs. MacLeod's on Monday night. Among those present were Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Turner-Bone, Mrs. and Miss Harris, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. Lawson, Madam Talbot and Mrs. Helliwell.

Madam Talbot was the hostess Saturday evening at a bridge in honor of Mrs. Macdougall of Port Arthur. Madam Talbot, in a handsome white costume, gave one and all a hearty welcome. The fortunate prize winners were Mrs. Bates, and Mrs. Short (Edmonton).

Mrs. Bond, 912 Eighteenth avenue west, entertained the O.U.R. Club on Tuesday afternoon. Among those present were: Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Padden, Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Kinnear, Mrs. Shaver, Mrs. Lofge, Mrs. McMullin, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Bennock, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Hanton, Mrs. MacFarlane, Mrs. Guernsey, Mrs. Milne and Mrs. Dunlop.

On Tuesday from 4 to 6 o'clock Mrs. Robertson, of Glengarry, entertained delightfully at an afternoon tea, in Rochon's parlors, which were daintily and prettily decorated for the occasion. Among the guests were: Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Murison, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. McLean, Miss Martin, Miss Foote, Miss McKinnon and Miss Campbell.

Mrs. Mewburn entertained at five hundred on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Macdougall, of Port Arthur. The charming rooms looked very springlike with yellow tablecloths in profusion. Mrs. Mewburn received in a becoming toilette of mauve with touches of white lace. Mrs. Macdougall ably assisted her mother, gowned in a beautiful costume of pale blue crepe de chene and net trimmed with gold. The handsome prizes were won by Mrs. MacFarlane, Mrs. Loughheed and Mrs. Ings. The tea table was presided over by Madam Talbot and Mrs. Deane.

The post-nuptial reception given by Mrs. Larabee on Thursday proved to be one of the pleasing functions of the week. Mrs. Larabee was charming in a very becoming gown of smoke grey silk trimmed with Persian applique. Her aunt, Mrs. Robinson, in a rich costume of black satin, received with Mrs. Larabee. Little Dorothy Priestly, in a pretty white frock, presided at the door. The apartments were brightened with beautiful clusters of pink and white carnations. In the tea room on the tables were graced with carnations, ferns and snailx. Mrs. Priestly and Mrs. Howard poured tea and coffee while Misses Cleveland and Kennedy served the ices.

On Saturday afternoon and evening Mrs. T. Fred. English, Twelfth avenue west, was the charming hostess at two brisk and enjoyable games of five hundred. In the afternoon the prizes were won by Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Barlow, while in the evening the fortunate winners were Mrs. Allan and Mrs. Vincent, and the gentleman, Mr. Allan and Mr. Paddon. The floral decorations throughout the pretty reception rooms were pink and white carnations.

Mrs. English was attractively gowned in a cream serge costume, braided in black, and her kind assistants in the refreshment room were Mrs. Hawkins, presiding at the table, and Miss Young and Miss Lilly serving.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Lawson, of Fourth avenue west, entertained in honor of Mrs. Robertson, of Glengarry. Mrs. Lawson wore a lovely grey crepe de chene, and the guest of honor looked handsome in an exquisite light afternoon gown. The palatial home was rendered prettier than ever by the many fragrant bouquets of crimson carnations and pretty spreading ferns. Mrs. Harper kindly presided at the table and Miss Lawson served the appetizing viands. A few of the guests were: Miss Coates, Miss Martin, Miss Campbell, Miss Foote, Miss McKinnon, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Carson, Mrs. Hutchings, Mrs. Murison, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Sinclair.

The bachelors of High River gave their third annual ball on Monday evening and it eclipsed both of the previous ones. Neither time nor effort was spared to make it the splendid success that it proved to be and congratulations are due the committee for their excellent method of management. The music was all that could be desired, and the programmes were particularly well prepared. At each of the twenty-two numbers there was a quotation from some author appropriate to the musical strain of that particular number. The patronesses were: Mrs. T. W. Robertson, Marquise De Roussy de Sales, Mrs. Chas. Clark, Mrs. H. Norman Sheppard, Mrs. L. M. Roberts, Mrs. J. Macintosh, Mrs. C. D. Farquharson and Mrs. J. Carson. Many from Calgary took advantage of the special car going down and enjoyed the splendid affair. A few of those who went from here were: Mrs. J. J. Young, Miss Young, Miss Stringer, Miss Mason, Miss Ballie, Mr. and Mrs. Hembury, Dr. and Mrs. McGuffin, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Caesar, Mr. and Mrs. Darker, Mr. and Mrs. Hutson, Mr. and Mrs. Varley, Dr. Costello, Dr. Hicks, Dr. Callum, Mr. Jack, Mr. Munro, N. Loughheed, B. Stringer, B. Lowe and many others.

A very bright social function was given at the general hospital on Tuesday evening, which took the form of a box social and dance. The guests were graciously received by the superintendent, Miss Scott, who looked dignified and lovely in a pale blue silk gown, with gold sequins and rich net trimmings. The rooms were cheerful and cosy with their many pretty flowering plants and the numerous clusters of the freshest carnations, while palms and ferns lent their aid in enhancing the beauty of the homelike apartments.

The orchestra provided delightful music until all had enjoyed a few hours' dancing, then Mr. Arthur, Mr. Allan and Mr. Thomas acted as auctioneers and the boxes which were so prettily made up and contained palatable refreshments were disposed of, and the maker and purchaser together enjoyed the contents of them. Large tables were also laid which were done in roses and violets. Only a few of

(Continued on Page Eight)

THE FLOODS IN FRANCE

This Whale of a
Furniture Sale

isn't an

Afterthought

We told you it was
planned on Broad
Lines

COME AND SEE

had reached high-water mark and
so had **FURNITURE PRICES**
in Edmonton when

The Evelyn Sales Co.'s

offering of the

**\$100,000 Campbell
Furniture Stock**

The Campbell Firm

do things right. They
don't Sale every 30
days, and don't attempt
anything they can't
make a success of.
The Campbell Store
Sale, **SETS THE PACE.**

Let Follow Those Who
Can

started. The Prices on all Furniture, Carpets, Rugs—like the floods in France—have gone down since, and as there has been great rejoicing over the former throughout the world, just so in Alberta and Edmonton in particular. **Home keepers of every rank, rich and poor alike, and the great Masses—all are unanimous in their praise and appreciation of the Qualities, Range, Selection and PRICES of the immense stock found in the Four Floors of the Campbell Store which is in THIS WHALE MOVEMENT.**

A THOUSAND SURPRISES AWAIT YOU ON EVERY FLOOR

If you like to jostle good-naturedly among a crowd of enthusiastic buyers, with the best in Home Furnishings on all sides, every article of which is marked at Reduced Prices—far below the regular selling values—Come to this Sale of Furniture Sales, where the people are spending their money simply because they can't help it—so irresistible are the offerings and the Prices.

Visit the Bargain Annex

You Know How

A WHALE

compares with all
other fish that swim
the sea.

**TAKE THE
HUNCH**

While everything in the store is reduced in price—the Bargain Annex, on the 2nd floor, is filled with hundreds of pieces for the home, some are odds, discontinued lines, some stickers, slow sellers. Everything found in the Bargain Annex you can buy practically at your own price. Hundreds of women daily pick up here, articles, pieces of furniture, the very thing they want at 25c and 50c on the dollar.

That's just exactly the
way

THIS SALE

compares with all other
Furniture Sales in and
around Edmonton.

**OH! GET THE
HOOK**

Shop at the Sign of the Whale

Campbell Furniture Company



MATHIEU'S SYRUP
Of Tar and Cod Liver Oil
Large Bottle 35c

Mathieu's Mar-
vine Powders
Box of 18 Powders
25c
From all dealers

Cure that Cough— Prevent another

There is a double benefit in using Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil. It *cures*, it *fortifies*; it removes the immediate trouble, drives away the cough, soothes the irritated surface, heals the inflamed membranes and at the same time, owing to its tonic properties, builds up the system as a whole.

Its results are marvellous.

A bottle in the house is a wise precaution.

All dealers keep

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

Of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Props., SHERBROOKE, P.Q.
Distributors for Western Canada, Foley Bros. Larson & Co., Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg



"Alas! My fatal beauty!" is the cry of the pretty girl waitress in the Chicago restaurants. The edict has gone forth that no comely maidens are henceforth to be employed. Knowing what a gloom would be cast over many another community if this Chicago edict should spread, it is of interest to note what led to the decision. Two reasons are given:

First—The pretty girl is flattered by too much attention and spends her time flirting, adjusting her rats and switches, and shifting her complexion rather than in keeping the "ham and," "cup and sinkers," "bowl and a slice of mince," and other essentials of a well ordered luncheon in rapid circulation.

Second—The impressionable youth-yes, and the baldheaded who ought to know better—spend their time in pleasant conversation with fair Kathleen instead of in eating. Perchance, also, they may squander the last nickel of the lunch money on a tip to the waiting maid instead of on a piece of cake or a baked apple.

There is another element in the case, brought out by a proprietor when he said:

"Of course, when you have pretty girls sometimes a fellow will give one of them a home. But I'm not running a Sunday school."

There is much to be said on the other side, however. Think of how often we have entered a restaurant without an appetite, disgruntled and all out of sorts, when the sight of a pretty face has acted as an instant bracer. Think of how often it has enabled you to think you were dining at Delmonico's instead of at a joint which dispenses meal tickets at three dollars a week. Think of how often with a fairy hopping around you, the odor from the kitchen seemed like a whiff from a rose garden. I really don't think the Chicago people know their business.

Who, that has been doomed to restaurant life, can fail to enter into the feelings of the poet, who, with his heart bowed down under the Chicago ruling, wrote:

"I used to buzz a flossy frail with phony fuzzy locks—
I used to dream of fireside bliss with Gert to patch my sox
But Gert has gone and got the cake because she looked so swell;
Alas! where have you went my own, my biscuit shooter belle"

"The Provincial University," runs an advertisement in the Vancouver Province, "will soon be an established fact. Its location has not yet been chosen, but when the news comes that Lake the beautiful is to be honored spot, land values there will go up like sky rockets."

Our real estate dealers don't know their game. Why shouldn't one of them run this: "The Edmonton Union Station site hasn't been chosen, but when the news comes that Skewdunk subdivision the beautiful is to be the honored spot, land values there will go up like sky rockets." It would be very attractive and would have the additional virtue of being strictly in accord with the truth.

If there's one man I always feel disposed to take off my hat to, it's the country editor. He faces problems and emergencies that require a measure of courage and resource, which make his city contemporary's job look like child's play. For instance, listen to what the Cochrane Advocate had to say in its last issue:

"Up to date seven Cochrane husbands have approached us more or less diplomatically to find out who is the young matron of the village whom we pronounced in our last issue to be the prettiest woman at the recent Masonic 'At Home.' We are taking no chance in such a delicate matter and decline to be drawn. Suffice it to say that the lady knows, and we have little doubt her husband knows, and we shall be per-

fectly satisfied if seven Benedicts and seven wives are severally convinced that they are ill."

But he isn't always a soft soap artist. Take the following from the Okotoks Review:

"The editor is in trouble again. We are getting so used to it now that it doesn't bother us much. Last week we made a joking allusion to Carson Thompson and the Salvation Army, and Mr. Thompson calls us down in a very severe letter. We apologize very humbly to your Reverence. We had unfortunately thought that you were one of the boys like the rest of us and could take a joke. The editor assures you that if he had any idea (as he now gathers from your letter), that you considered yourself one of the sacred subjects of Okotoks and above jokes like the courts and the churches, he would have been the last to allow his flippant, sacrilegious, irreverent pen to take you any more lightly than you appear to be taking yourself. We can assure you that as far as your sacred name is concerned it will be 'taboo' in future to the Review."

It was customary for Perkins on leaving his office at noon Saturday, to spend the afternoon joyously outdoors, engrossed with golf balls and highballs. Being a clever chap, he was a champion in both pastimes. On one Saturday, however, he was compelled to spend the whole day disposing of pressing business matters. His wife and little daughter, as usual were awaiting him on the porch.

"No game today," he explained to Mrs. Perkins, as the little one rushed impulsively into his arms and he picked her up and kissed her. "No game today," he repeated.

Miss Marjorie sniffed the air and said: "Well, papa, you do smell awfully of golf!"

His ignorance of history recently shocked one of the woman friends of a young man, prominent in social circles. It was after a dinner party at his house and she was telling him what she had learned in her private history class. One thing led to another and all the time he was getting into deeper water. At last she surprised him by inquiring: "Now, tell me, Mr. —, what are the Knights of the Baby?" He stammered for a while and finally blurted out: "Why, Saturday nights, I suppose?"

An old dorky, sent to a hospital, upon his arrival was placed in a ward, and one of the nurses put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. When the house doctor made his rounds, he said:

"Well, my man, how do you feel?"
"I feel right to the nail, sir."
"Have you had anything to eat yet?"
"Yes, sir, I had a little."
"What did you have?"
"A lady dame gimme a piece of glass ter si k, w'h."

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.

"Yes," said a travelling man last night, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic Ocean twenty-one days."

There was a small-sized crowd sitting around. Another man spoke up. "On the Pacific Ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-nine days," he said.

A little bald-headed man knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I started across the Kaw River at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"Aw, come off," said the man who had told the first tale. "The Kaw isn't more than three hundred feet wide at Topeka."

"I didn't say it was," said the little bald-headed man quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."—Denver Post.

While at Winnipeg, E. A. Cunningham, of Lethbridge, according to his promise to the Board of Trade, called on G. J. Bury, western manager of the C. P. R., and endeavored to get information regarding the C. P. R.'s intentions with reference to the Weyburn line. Mr. Bury, however, said that he was unable to give out any information until Vice President White had submitted the programme for the west to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and the directorate.



HASSAN Cork Tipped Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke
Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price
and fine quality

Starland

The three last military dramas shown at this popular theatre have been much appreciated by the large crowds in attendance. Many old timers came to see "Custer's Last Stand," and left much pleased with the production. The trap laid by Rain-in-the-Face, the wily Indian chief, resulting in the terrible massacre of Custer's complete band, formed a most thrilling drama. Much the same style was "Up San Juan Hill" an incident in the well-known Spanish-American war. The fierce conflict ended forever the Spanish trouble in the Western Hemisphere, and American supremacy was accepted. The romance of Bowen, the trusted messenger, much enhances the interest of this play. "Sealed Instructions," a story of political intrigue, originated in White House. A young colonel is entrusted with important dispatches, but he is outwitted by a spy, his wife's old lover. Fortunately after a series of thrilling events, the papers are recovered and the villain given over to the justice he so richly deserves. We are all acquainted with the most popular work "Robinson Crusoe," so can enter with much interest into "No Man's Land," a story written on similar lines. The trials of the ship-wrecked American and his encounter with the old Spanish release and his beautiful daughter, are most interesting. After a hard struggle he gains the lady's heart and hand and the whole family return to civilization where they live happily ever after.

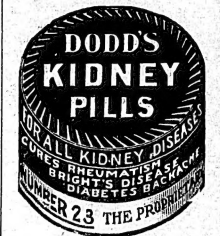
According to schedule announced and Pincher Creek will play in the Southern series at Pincher Creek on Tuesday evening.

CAMPBELL FURNITURE CO.'S WHALE OF A SALE

One of the biggest sales, planned to bring people from all over the province in a trade way, to Edmonton started last Thursday morning. The immense stock of the Campbell Furniture Co. at sale prices is enough to induce buyers coming for many miles, and the opening day and yesterday the Campbell store enjoyed the biggest business of its life. Every floor, sale tickets are in evidence, and the entire stock is reduced in price.

The bargain annex on the second floor, is a Mecca for shoppers. Everything in the Annex you can buy with your eyes shut and be assured you will be getting \$100 worth for 50c next week. Many surprises are planned and the sale is bound to be one of the big trade events in Edmonton's history.

City Commissioner S. J. Clark, of Calgary, announces his intention to resign in March.



Agricultural School

Under the direction of Hon. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture, a Short Course in Agriculture will be held at

**Lethbridge from February 8th to Feb. 19;
Olds from February 21st to March 5th;
Vegreville from March 7th to 19th, 1910.**

Instruction will be given in Livestock, Poultry Raising, Grain Raising and Dairying.

Two ears of selected Live Stock will be used for demonstration purposes, and lectures given on the subjects of Breeding, Feeding, Care and Management of stock.

Instruction in Poultry Raising will cover all phases of the subject with incubators and brooders in operation. Crate fattening and marketing will be specially demonstrated.

The subject of Grain Raising will receive particular attention, with emphasis on soil cultivation. Samples of grains, grasses and weeds will be used for illustrative purposes.

Instruction in Dairying will cover the subject from the production of Milk to the marketing of the finished product, with general farm dairy machinery in operation.

The Boards of Trade are endeavouring to secure reduced rates on the railways, and also reduced rates for board. Upon reaching the town, students will kindly report to the Board of Trade Office when they will be directed to lodging houses.

THE COURSE IS ENTIRELY FREE

Lectures will commence at 9 a.m. on the opening day.
All are invited to attend.

H. A. CRAIG,

Superintendent of Fairs and Institutes.

Department of Agriculture
Edmonton, Alta.

C.F.S.A.N.S.J.H.

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CEIVED OUR SPRING
GOODS. CALL IN AND
SEE WHAT WE HAVE
FOR YOUR NEWSPRING
SUIT.

**SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED**



HOCKLEY & CO.

118 JASPER AVE. EAST

Here's Your New Collar!

BEDFORD
FAMOUS CASTLE BRAND—3 for 50c.



\$54,694,882

was the net amount of insurance on the companies books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. Of Canada

made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) it gained in Assets \$1,329,098
(b) " " Reserve - 948,268
(c) " " Income - 302,571
(d) " " Surplus - 348,296

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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THE ALBERTA HAIR GOODS CO.

235 JASPER W.

Switches
Puffs
Curls
Combs
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These goods are direct from the leading centres of fashion in New York and other American cities.

Be sure and see our window

CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our "WHITE ROSE" Fancy Patent Flour. Handled by all grocers and flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed.

Campbell & Ottewill
EDMONTON, ALTA.

HOTEL Martha Washington
NEW YORK'S Exclusive Woman's Hotel
29 East 29th St. near 5th Avenue
Restaurant and Tea Room for men and women. Convenient to subway and cross town car lines.
entrance of Theatre and Shopping District
Rates, \$1.00 and up
European Plan. 400 rooms with telephone. Free use of each floor. Fireproof.
A. W. SAGEN

MUSIC AND DRAMA

One of the most remarkable productions in the history of the drama took place in Paris last week. The despatch to the New York Sun describing it is well worth reproducing here. It is as follows:

The cock has crowed at last. Rostand's masterpiece, "Chantecler," was produced tonight with enormous success at the Porte St. Martin Theatre.

The house was crowded to the doors. It was the most brilliant premiere that Paris has ever seen. The women were dressed as for a ball in gorgeous costumes. They wore bizarre coiffures and superb jewels.

Every one was in a perfect fever of excitement when the knock sounded for the curtain to rise. As it was about to be lifted Coquelin rushed out from behind the scenes in a dress-suit. Ordering that the curtain remain lowered, he delivered a prologue, which was delightfully witty. The audience was filled with good humor and when the curtain rose every one was prepared to enjoy the performance.

The first scene is in a farmyard, was a masterpiece of scenic art. Wagons, flowers, cats, a bird cage and a hen house were of such gigantic size that all the fowls represented looked to be only normal size, while the costumes were so exquisitely made that they appeared natural and not grotesque. Their heads were on the foreheads of the performers, so that their voices were not interfered with.

There were white hens, gray hens, and a number of pigeons, and little chickens, all moving about and gossiping, while a cat and a dog looked on.

The Chantecler was the main subject of conversation, but upon his appearance all, even the garrulous Black-bird, were reduced to silence, for the Cock is an imposing figure, dominating everything. His friend, the Dog, cries to warn him against his enemies, but Chantecler refuses to listen to him.

He considers himself all powerful. Does he not make the sun rise every day, and in a burst of enthusiasm he recites a hymn to the sun, expatiating on its glories and his love of it.

The house receives this with uproarious applause. A shot is heard, and a pheasant falls to the ground. The Cock and Dog save her from the hounds. Chantecler disapproves of her, she is so unlike his gentle, complaisant hens. She rejoices in her freedom and mocks his dignity.

Night falls and Chantecler sees all the inmates safe at rest before he retires.

The second scene, a forest glade at midnight, is also very beautiful. The night birds, gathered in a grove, conspire against Chantecler. Their ode to night is another of the gems of the piece. At the first sign of the approach of dawn they fly away and Chantecler and Pheasant enter, having a tryst. Chantecler bids Pheasant wait with him until daylight and see his wondrous work. She does so. He crows as the sun rises, and she, subjugated, nestles close to him.

His share in the third act is in a garden. It is the "at home" day of Guinea Hen. A Blackbird acts as butler, announcing the guests sonorously. All the fighting cocks have been summoned to gather here to kill Chantecler, who comes knowing their plan. They try to provoke him. One attacks him but only wounds himself, and Chantecler triumphs. This act savored so strongly of pantomime that it was impossible to take it seriously, although it contained many fine lines.

The fourth act is in the depth of a forest. The moonlight shines on giant toad-stools and huge vines of morning glories. Rabbits peep from their holes, frogs jump from a nearby pool and nightingales chant to the stars. Chantecler and the Pheasant enter together. She is now jealous of The Cock's love for the sun and reproaches him bitterly. Then as she realizes that it is almost dawn she determines to revenge herself.

She tries to divert Chantecler, reminding him of their former happiness and declaring her great love. He listens, forgets, and the sun rises without his help. Then she taunts him. Crushed and humbled, he turns to hide away, but The Dog, entering to see why he has not crowded, bids him act as if he had done so and return to the barnyard crowing loudly. The Cock leaves the wood and the Pheasant, left alone, is about to fly away when a gigantic net enfolds her in its meshes. In vain she struggles. Her days of freedom are over, but in the distance she hears

Chantecler crowing triumphantly as the curtain falls.

Disregarding any subtle philosophical meaning the audience took the play as a fantasy pure and simple, and as such enjoyed it to the utmost, shouting, "Vive Rostand!" "Bravo Guity!" and other enthusiastic utterances at the end of the play. Outside a tremendous crowd waited to hear the verdict.

"Was it good?" they asked those coming out and anxiously awaited the reply, which was always in the affirmative.

Among the distinguished audience were Alfred Capus, Jean Richepin, Paul Adam, Rejane and Baron Rothschild. Mme. Rostand and her two sons were in a box. They were apparently delighted by the enthusiasm.

Behind the scenes after the first act there was a wild scene of joy. Rostand was almost in tears as the company congratulated him. Every one had feared a failure, which indeed at times very nearly threatened to come owing to the lack of action in the piece.

The Youth's Companion has this interesting bit of comment:

The president of Northwestern University, in an address before the Music Teachers' National Association in Chicago the other day, said that the American people are musical barbarians, and that the function of the musician is to civilize them.

The statement is extravagant in form, but is not untrue. It is probably true also that the English, the French, the German, the Russian, and every other nation, taking them as a whole, are musical savages. Knowledge of the best music and appreciation of it is confined, in every country, to the few who have the opportunity and the money to become familiar with it.

But Americans are not so barbarous musically as they were a generation ago. Chicago, Pittsburg, New York, Boston and other cities have long maintained first-class musical organizations, and their concerts and operas have educated and entertained a great army of men and women who do missionary work for good music whenever the subject is discussed.

Another musical educator of wider influence than the orchestras and singing societies is the mechanical pianoplayer. This device makes it possible for any person with a fondness for music to play in his own home the masterpieces of the best composers. Compositions which a professional musician cannot learn to execute on a piano without long and tedious practice, can be played with marvelous expression by a tyro after an hour's practice on the mechanical player.

A still humbler, but more far-reaching influence in popular education, is the phonograph or graphophone, which reproduces vocal as well as instrumental music. The more expensive forms of the instrument are so perfect that when a record made by a famous operasinger is run through, it is difficult for a listener to decide whether he is hearing a human voice or a machine.

SUFFERED FOR SIX LONG YEARS

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Richard's Diabetes

Her Rheumatism Also Vanished When Dodd's Kidney Pills Put Her Kidneys in Condition to do Their Work.

East Chetzetcook, Halifax Co., N.S., Jan. 21.—(Special).—Cured of Diabetes and Rheumatism from which she had suffered for six years, Mrs. Boniface Richard, well known here, is joyfully telling her neighbors that she owes her health to Dodd's Kidney Pills and to no other cause.

"My Rheumatism and Diabetes were brought on by a cold and a strain, and though I was attended by a doctor he could not help me. After suffering for six years I made up my mind to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and to my surprise they did me good almost at once. Two boxes cured me completely. I recommend them to everybody as a sure cure for Diabetes, Backache and all other Kidney Diseases."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mrs. Richard's Diabetes because Diabetes is a Kidney Disease and Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney Diseases. Mrs. Richard's Rheumatism was caused by her diseased Kidneys failing to take the uric acid out of her blood. When her Kidneys were cured they strained the uric acid out of her blood and her Rheumatism vanished.

A father's heart cries out against the drafting into a suffragette club of a new born male child.

In the fierce and ever fiercer waxing conflict of the suffragettes we have neither the courage nor the desire to mingle. The forces of nature, the lightning, the gale and the fierce equinoctial rains we recognize as above the strength of our feeble hands to grasp or guide. Yet all that is natural in a father's heart cries out against the cruelty which recently in Greenwich, Conn., drafted to the membership of a suffragette club a newborn male child. Even in the presence of the earthquake and the tidal wave we believe society has still a duty to perform toward the weak and unprotected youth.

All the years that have passed since the days of our own helpless childhood have not sufficed to blot out the terrors of the time when the temperance movement of that vanished age brooded malignantly over our cradle and made our nights horrible by peopling them with presences of the Demon Rum. From what battle of tin soldiers, from what construction of transcontinental railways on the driveway were we not summoned and rudely cleansed and harshly arrayed in our "second best" to march to lectures and trace with trembling hand our frightened signatures under the imperative pledge: "I solemnly swear never while I live to—"

Not rivers of alcohol could even at this late date quite drown the terror of those days.

Well, we paid our tribute to the wisdom of our elders, we signed the awful pledge, and if the Saturday were not wholly spoiled we scuttled back to our tin soldiers and our toy engines. At least they were left to us; but are we now to become parties to another such invitation of childhood? Are we, the victims of that ancient crusade which committed us to perjuries not now to be numbered, to assist in another such tyranny? Where anciently through all the fields and gardens of youth the Demon Rum ranged terribly is the suffragette to plow her destructive path? We say no, and we mean it.

On the broad, deep, epoch-making issue we say nothing. If woman desires to vote, to stop our voting, to work with us or to take away from man his inalienable privilege of supporting her, why, let her do it. Humiliated and ejected from the sphere of labor and activity, we can at least sit by and watch her work. Suffragist, suffragette, every human creature decorated with the label "votes for women" parades without a protest. Attacks upon prime ministers, statesmen, legislators, cabinet and policemen are all as nothing to us. They are only a further projection of a fact recognizable easily by all.

At the side of the cradle, however, we shall take our stand. Here is man's sure foothold on the planet. Wherever a propagandist fury may rage unchecked, wherever else man flees before the ungovernable and inexpugnable wrath of woman, at least here the hunted men will turn at bay. Better that fathers should vanish from the earth, that the whole race of fathers become forever extinct, than that man submit here to the invasion and destruction of the few bright hours of peace and happiness left to him in the whole span of his existence.

We do not know the Greenwich father. Much beaten upon by fate we assume he must be, yet some shred of manhood there must remain to him. His duty is plain. Let him perform it, and all the unborn generations of the children of man will rise up to bless his name. Under slighter prosecution and in the face of tyranny less grinding more than one declaration of independence has been produced.—New York Sun.

Rumors are in the air that two new branch banks are to be established in the near future at Macleod. The banks are the Dominion and the British North America. With regard to the former there does not seem to be much foundation but it is said that the latter is contemplating taking the quarters to be vacated by the Bank of Commerce when it goes into its new building next month.—McLeod Advertiser.

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LITTLE'S

THE HUMANE SOCIETY

A meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held on February 17th at which it was decided that the organization of the new society should be proceeded with at the next meeting, as by that time the necessary formalities in connection with the incorporation of the "Alberta Humane Society" would have been completed, making it a provincial association, instead of a local society as it has hitherto been.

The Societies Inspector, Mr. Maunsell, reported that his attention had been several times directed to cases of the overloading of teams on the bridge between Strathcona and Edmonton, and he explained the difficulty of defining what constituted overloading in the event of his undertaking prosecutions, the law as relating to the protection of animals or property being clearly explained, but as regards the protection of animals the law does not define how much a man may overload or abuse an animal before such conduct would justify his prosecution, such matters being left to the discretion of a magistrate who probably has no sympathy with animals or with the objects of the society.

It was generally conceded at the meeting that the true test of the society's usefulness is decidedly not in the number of its prosecutions, but what is of infinitely more importance, namely, the prevention of cruelty and the daily inculcation of principles of thoughtfulness and kindly consideration for the welfare of the animal creation.

The universal recognition of what we owe to our domestic animals is the only way by which we can possibly hope to influence mankind to appreciate or even notice the cruelty to which nearly all domestic animals are exposed at some time in their lives, most people, even the kindly disposed, do not even give it a passing thought, but demand the service of an animal as their right, forgetting that any duty attaches to them other than providing such food as will suffice for the maintenance of effective strength to accomplish the tasks demanded.

T. G. PEARCE,
Secretary of A. H. S.

An Acquisition to the Staff.

Miss Jean McIsaac's appointment as Assistant Teacher in Pains and Theory also as Vice-Principal completes the Staff of the Edmonton School of Music.

Miss McIsaac has an excellent record in the east as an organist and teacher, this being enhanced by some two years study in the Leschetizky Method under Mr. J. D. A. Tripp of the Toronto Conservatory.

The full staff of the school will assist in individual and concerted numbers at next Tuesday's Y. M. C. A. Concert.

LADIES' SCHOOL

Miss Geach (formerly governess to the children of Lady Hanbury-Williams, at Ottawa) has opened a class for girls at the Maclean Block. For further particulars apply:

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HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

(Continued from page four.)

centre-piece, while at the sides were other vases of red and white roses, leading up as it were to the exquisite beauties queening it in the middle.

Here Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. D. S. Mackenzie poured tea and coffee from four to five, and Mrs. McIsaac served the ice, being later relieved by Madame Cote, Mrs. J. J. Anderson and Mrs. Ewing, while Miss Belcher, Miss Socks, Miss Perkins, Miss Potter and Miss Edith Webster were a bevy of attractive assistants.

In the drawing room Mrs. C. W. Cross, beautifully gowned, assisted in entertaining the guests, while Mrs. M. J. McLeod, Mrs. Harcourt, and Miss McIsaac saw to everyone's comfort in the tea room.

Capt. Watt's orchestra discoursed a much-appreciated programme during the tea-hour, being stationed in the library, at all times a popular rendezvous.

Mrs. Jones returned on Saturday to her home in Calgary.

Madame Thibaudau held her usual reception on Monday afternoon, when a host of calls dropped in for a chat and to welcome her home.

Mrs. Ewing had a delightful little luncheon party of eight covers on Saturday in honor of Miss Constance and Mrs. Rickards, of Calgary.

Through an error, I believe, earlier in this column, I spelt Mrs. Lindsay's sister's name "Lievigne." I understand the correct spelling is Levinge. I make the correction as I noticed by the paper during the week that the head of the house of Levinge has just been married.

The wives of the members who are in residence at the King Edward, have taken next Tuesday as their reception day.

Mrs. Horace Harvey was the hostess of a very pretty luncheon of eight covers on Wednesday.

PEGGY.

THE KING EDWARD

(Continued from Page One.)

four in a suite with private bath-rooms attached. I saw cozy private sitting-rooms, really delightfully attractive. I paused for a moment in the public reception rooms, and luxuriated in their liveliness, everything so splendidly in keeping.

Next: one of the big reception rooms is a sunny pretty apartment, which Mr. McCullough proposes making into a first-class tea-room in the very near future. Also I believe it is his intention to make provision for private luncheons, smart little dinners and so forth. The fire-protection also appealed to me, general alarms and wide iron fire-escapes on every story.

An orchestra on so many nights in the week, is another innovation which will, I am confident, prove very popular.

I believe fifteen members and their families are already registered at the hotel this session, which is a rather flattering indication of how a thoroughly up-to-date, first-class hostelry is appreciated—even in the West.

Mr. McCullough is doing everything in his power to make the King Edward Hotel second to none in the land, and I cannot close this account without adding that he is being ably seconded in his efforts by his splendidly capable young Scotch housekeeper, Miss Laing, who keeps this vast house of a hundred bed-rooms as dimly fresh and attractive as the cleanest and most capably-run private residence.

G. B. W.

HOME AND SOCIETY

Calgary

(Continued from Page Five.)

those present were: Mrs. Green, in black satin; Mrs. Grogan, pale blue satin, touches of gold; Mrs. Sharpe, black lace over taffeta; Miss Kerr, white satin and gold sequins; Mrs. McLeod, in black mull brocade; Mrs. Townsend, in yellow satin; Mrs. Allan, black velvet; Miss Glanville, blue satin; Miss J. Glanville, pink silk; Miss McCullough, white silk; Miss Batchelor, white silk; Miss Pugh, pale blue silk; Miss Lilly, white silk; Miss Gillespie, white satin; Mrs. Van Wart, cream lace over taffeta; Mrs. (Capt.) MacKie, old rose satin; Miss Markle, Mrs. Sanson, Miss Thompson, Miss Robinson, Dr. Shipley, Dr. Callum, Mr. Green, Mr. Carson, Mr. Doughty, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Storey, Mr. Nicholls, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Jack, Mr. Allan, Mr. Hoak, Sheriff Van Wart, Dr. Sanson, Dr. Mackie, Dr. Johnston, and many others.

The Revere dance given in Sherman's Hall on Tuesday night, was a larger and brighter function than ever, and something seemed to have entered into the merry dancers to lend an extra keen enjoyment to the fun, for seldom has a gayer party spent three swiftly passing hours more merrily than at this, the last before Lent, of a most successful series of dances. A buffet artistically arranged with flowers on the lower floor provided refreshments during the evening. The music furnished by Bagley's Orchestra was good and the floor was superb. The gowns were simply beautiful and their delicate clints blended very harmoniously with the splendid black of the evening dress of the stronger sex.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Robertson entertained a number of her friends at a delightful tea from 5 to 7. The rooms were prettily decorated with pink and white carnations and smilax. The hostess was gowned in a handsome pale green crepe de chene, while Mrs. Anderson, in a pretty pale blue costume, presided in the tea room. Mrs. Davis and the Misses Findlay and Gertrude Bruce assisted. A few of those present were: Mrs. Young, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. C. Smith, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. R. Mills, Mrs. J. Regan, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. C. Robinson, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Hamilton Harris, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. L. Brown, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Cass, McDonald, Mrs. Campbell, Misses Lees, Miller, Green, Bruce, McCullough, and others.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Kane held her post-nuptial reception at her home on Mount Royal. The drawing room was made beautiful by pretty carnations, while the tea table was adorned with violets in a cut glass vase in the centre of Irish point lace. Streamers of ribbon, interwoven with garlands of smilax, made an artistic finish to the pretty cable with its glittering cut glass and silver.

The hostess received in her wedding dress, a handsome gown of French satin with gracefully draped overskirt suitably trimmed with gold embroidery. She was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Coyle, who wore a becoming princess gown of black velvet.

Madame Saucier and Mrs. Twohey presided in the tea room and they were assisted by Miss M. Stringer, Miss Burns, the Misses Sparrow, and petite Lulu Saucier. Master Jack Saucier ushered in the many callers.



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